The heavy battle reported in East Africa still remains in a nebulous state of rumor. Perhaps it is significant whethat the rumor comes, not from Rome, but from Addis Ababa. Hitherto of we've heard mostly/Italian complaints about having to fight off Abyssinian tribes on the warpath. Today it's the Abyssinian government reports violent fighting along the frontiers of Ethiopia the Italian colony of Eritrea. If this violence turns out to be as big and blazing a scrap as the first report makes it -- why then it looks as if the Italian-Abyssinian dynamite may be about to blow up.

More does the word from London make the prospect any more reassuring. England is worried, not merely because of any abstract dedication to the cause of peace. The talk in London is that Captain Anthony Eden definitely regards his mission to Rome a failure. He went to avert a war, and he feels that he has failed. But why is John Bull so personally concerned -- worried? They say that England is afraid that if a war breaks out between Italy and Abyssinia there will be loud repercussions in other parts of Africa. With the Ethopians battling a European nation, the

swarming blacks in England's own colonies may get excited, may stage a war of their own -- a revolt.

There seems to be an inexhaustible element of the strange and the bizarre in this East African imbroglio. With a barbaric nation like Ethiopia involved quaint and the curious are to be expected -- King of Kings, Lion of Juda, Queen of Sheba. But that isn't all. Ultra-modern European technology produces its own singularities -- fantastic touches to match the lion skins of trible chiefs.

The other day we heard of a danger sign, a sign of
war -- Ethopian tribesmen throwing away their shoes. They fight
better barefoot. Today we hear that the Italian chemical warfare

invited division has evolved a new modern wonder of science. It's a
chemical to be shot by a spray from armed tanks -- a burning rhee
chemical that is spread over the ground. Its purpose is to attack
the feet of marching men. They say it will burn through shoe leather,
and as for the bare feet of Ethopian warriors rushing into battle --

why they'll drop their guns and spears and start fix jigging up and down when they're tickeled by that five chemic and then the big blacks boys will cake use

of Greece apparently has not in the least damaged his chances of becoming king again. Though he's going to lose his wife, he's going to regain his throne. The summons that ordered him to appear in the divorce court was published this morning.

And a couple of hours later the government sent a measure to the Chamber of Deputies calling for a general election.

That general election will decide whether or not the Hellene's Calling To a basileus once more and whether the expelled monarch shall be that basileus.

The movement for the return of the dynasty
has been growing all along. When the Deputies reconvened
on Monday there were loud cries of "Long Live the King."

And as recent as yesterday afternoon a member of Parliament
introduced a motion to annul a decree that had been passed
in 1924. By
that decree all members of the Greek royal
family were declared to be no longer Greeks. Yesterday's
motion will restore their nationality to them.

King George had an exceedingly brief reign

while he was king. He succeeded to the throne in 1922 and was forced out by Venezelos a year later. But he was personally popular. Queen Elizabeth, who is now divorcing him, did not share his popularity. In fact, that divorce will, if anything, help his chances to become king in Athens once more.

For some reason the Hellenes did not take kindly to the Italian princess whom King George had married.

Thus King George is in a vastly different
situation from that of his brother-in-law, King Carol of
Roumania. Extine Helene of Roumania, sister of King George
of Greece, was exceedingly popular throughout Roumania. King
Carol's long quarrels with his wife and his affection for the
red-haired Madame Lupescu are being the principal source of his
troubles with his subjects. That gives you a chance to
remember that old proverb:- "One man's meat is another man's
poison," and all that sort of thing.

Today's decision in the Vanderbilt case climaxes a bitter legal fight. The blasts of publicity were loud and prolonged when the case first came to court and the little girl millionaire was taken from the care of her mother and given to her aunt - amid a blare of sensational charges against the mother. Ever since then the legal struggle has been kept before the courts, a hard fought appeal, a battle step by step.

Today comes the verdict from the Appellate Division of
the New York Supreme Court. "Decision sustained", says the judges.

Bya unanimous note they uphold the decree of the lower Court that
little Gloria Vanderbilt shall be in the custody, not of her
mother, but of her aunt. The court referred to the testimony
that Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt had paid not too much devoted
attention to her daughter, and also to the fact that the verdict
of the lower court gives her the right to see the child at regular
intervals. She's with her mother for a month's vacation right now.
The judges make a declaration which, in its stilted verbiage, is
sharp and caustic. "If the relator (meaning Mrs. Vanderbilt, shall

avail herself fully of her rights under the order, she will spend more time with her child than for many years past." So speaks the court.

The record in this sensational Vanderbilt case, with its glaring accusations, was ordered sealed, kept hidden from public gaze.

Today's verdict is just about the final one. There's only one state tribunal above the Appellate Division - the Court of Appeals, and Mrs. Charkin Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt can take her case to that highest state Court of Appeals only by permission - by the unanimous consent of that Appellate Division Court which handed down its decision today.

Meanwhile the little girl is reported anvounded by machine guns. Defence against possible bidnappers.

The newspapers are commenting extensively on that "ten nights in the barroom" story from New Jersey. It has all of that "man bit of dog" quality of surprise which is supposed to be the earmark of news - a saloon keeper turning out to be a veritable angel, wearing a golden crown. He might even have been playing a harp, only in that case they might have thought he was intoxicated.

But let's reconstruct the elevating scene - a New Jersey court room, a man on trial. He wasn't a saloon keeper. He had merely been visiting saloon keepers. He was accused of driving while drunk. But there were some saloon keepers present - half a dozen of them. They were there as guests of the court, something like a Greek chorus, only they weren't Greeks. Recorder William Closter, who sat in judgment, wanted them to have an object lesson on the curse of drink.

First, the Recorder passed sentence on the defendant, and quite an object lesson that sentence was - a fine of Two hundred Dollars, but since the prisoner didn't have Two hundred Dollars, it was thirty days in jail, plus Twenty Dollars for medical costs and two and a half for court expenses. The the Recorder, with glances at the assembled saloon keepers, made eloquent remarks about the curse

of drink. He said he was no tee-totler, but he could take it or leave it. He said that to gaze upon the wine when it was red was all right, unless you gaze at it so long you begin to see red. He gave the figures for accidents caused by drunken drivers. He almost recited, "The Face on the Bar Room Floor."

The height of drama came when a man arose, waving a piece of paper. He was one of the chorus of six saloon keepers, George Forsyth. He told the Recorder that the defendant had been in his place on the fateful night when all those drinks were served, but that he hadn't served any of them. In his own place the defendant was in a condition of acute thirst. Nevertheless, the piece of paper he was waving was a check - for Two hundred and twenty-two Dollars and fifty cents, the defendant's fine plus costs. The virtuous saloon keeper was rescuing the victim of the recorder that the defendant saloon keeper was rescuing the victim of the recorder.

"A stitch in time saves nine". Yep, that's an old chestnut,
which would be quite appropriate if we happened to have any news
about the chestnut growing industry. But what we have is about
a threatened strike in the garment trade. So, we can still say -

The stitch in question was needed by Governor Lehman of

New York. He announces today that the threatened strike of forty

thousand garment workers in New York City is a peril no longer.

The men and women who run the sewing machines have come to an

agreement with their employers - on the basis of a proposal made by

the Governor. According to this formula, the scales of wages and

working hours that have been in force until now will continue right

on. Odd points of dispute will be cleared up by conferences between

the bosses and the union.

So there'll be no strike in the garment trade and wifie will not have any difficulties in buying that new dress.

RETAKE

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That row over the Utilities Bill now is spreading into a regular battle on several fronts. The entire atmosphere in Washington is full of nothing but fight.

The Senators jumped into it today with a bang. Its Interstate Commerce Committee started the investigation ball a'rolling. It has voted an appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for an inquiry into the lobby scandal. And that's just a starter. The Senators are beating the Representatives to it. While the House was threatening such a move the Senate acted. The Representatives had been thrown into a fine Congressional fury by the accusation of Mr. Brewster of Maine, the accusation, that Thomas G. Corocran, counselor to the R.F.C. had said to him,: "If you don't vote for the President's "Death to holding companies measure" we'll stop work on the thirty six million dollar Passamo - Passama - anyhow it's a project in Maine." An accusation of the gravest sort. If any such threat was made, Congress has a right to feel indignant. That's the way just about all Congressmen feel, Republicans and Democrats alike. The charge was all the more serious because

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Mr. Corcoran happens to have helped a draft that clause in the Utilities Bill.

Mr. Roosevelt has been expressing himself vehemently about the powerful lobby of the utilities people. The investigation ordered by the Senate will put the scalpel into all lobbies including the one that is said to represent the White House. All of which produces a highly turgid atmosphere for the Fourth of July on Capitol Hill.

And this cloud of animosity has completely over-shadowed the bill that caused all the rumpus. The gossip now is that the Senate which passed the "death to holding companies" clause will compromise with the House version.

But there's another fighting aftermath to that scandal. The law-makers are so infuriated that they are talking about pushing their revolt against the President even further. Their insurgent mood goes so far as to threaten the Tennessee Valley Authority, one of the most important measures on the schedule and one that would vastly increase the power of the T.V.A. Among other things it would allow that authority to issue bonds to carry on its various enterprises including the selling of power to counties, cities and towns. Before the rebellion that came to a head yesterday it looked as though this amendment would slip through easily. But now the boys and girls was the Hill have got their dander up to such an extent that they are muttering threats of turning thumbs down on the idea of fattening the T.V.A. any more. American history has shown that once Congress really seizes the bit in its teeth a President has a hard time getting what he asks. In fact the temper of Congress bids fair also to jeopardize Mr. Roosevelt's the rich" program.

Whatever happens, it's a certainty that this measure

will not be passed without a thorough discussion. The Comptroller
General of the United States has finished auditing the books

of the T.V.A. And Mr. McCarl's report has some figures that may

provide interesting ammunition for the opponents of the White House. It shows among other things that the Tennessee Valley Authority owns 253 automobiles. At the same time its bills for the hire of autos ran to some eight thousand dollars a month. Fifty-three official cars showed less than one thousand miles on the clock while hired cars totaled one hundred and fourteen thousand miles at seven cents a mile.

There are other interesting little items. The cash registers in the cafeterias don't check properly. Some of the checks said "cash stolen." Other discrepancies were explained with the remark that children had been playing with the register keys. Playing a solo on the dollar key!

(However, Dr. Morgan, head of the T.V.A. says all those things are trifles that can be easily explained. And even the austere General McCarl admits as much. But) the debate over that T.V.A. measure is going to produce some sizzling, sputtering fire works.

In the City of Naples, the spectacle is one of terror tonight a menacing red glow wx for miles around, while the fires glare on the burning summit of the mountain. And there's volcanic thunder and a deep rumbling of the earth. But Naples is used to the wild doings of its pet And this time there's optimistic word. The latest report from the seismologists who ceaselessly observe Vesuvius is that today's eruption is not a phenomenon of evil, but a good sign. They say that the violent series of explosions that have burst from the crater are deep inside, accumulations of vapor that are letting go in a way that can do the least harm. They are exploding in safe and sane fashion, instead of accumulating, pent up, for a far greater burst which might hurl fire, ashes and lava far and wide foragreat disaster. So today's pyrotechnics of the world's most famous fire mountain comes as a sort of a safety valve action - wkw and what a blazing thunder safety valve it is!

The present eruption began with a terrific explosion, a violent burst that tore an opening near the top of the cone. And molten lava gushed forth. Another mighty detonation, and still another, and a second aperture was ripped open by mathematical the giant forces.

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Near the bottom of the cone, the lava gushed out in a burning stream. As the explosions continued popping, the sky was lighted by the glare of the flaming crater, by vast showers of sparks flung high and by rivers of fire flung down the mountainside.

And tomorrow it will be the same story -- here in America.

Explosions popping! The sky lighted for thousands of miles by a bright glare! Vast showers of sparks flung high! And rivers of streaming fire! Right here in the U.S.A. Meaning -- the Fourth of July! Volcanoes in Italy! Romand candles and Dago bombs in America! And -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.